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EDITORIAL: "STEVENSON AND HISS"

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Commonweal

KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

TWO PARLIAMENTS IN ACTION

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

BRITAIN AND U.S. POLITICS

JOE DEVER
FRANK GETLEIN

august 22

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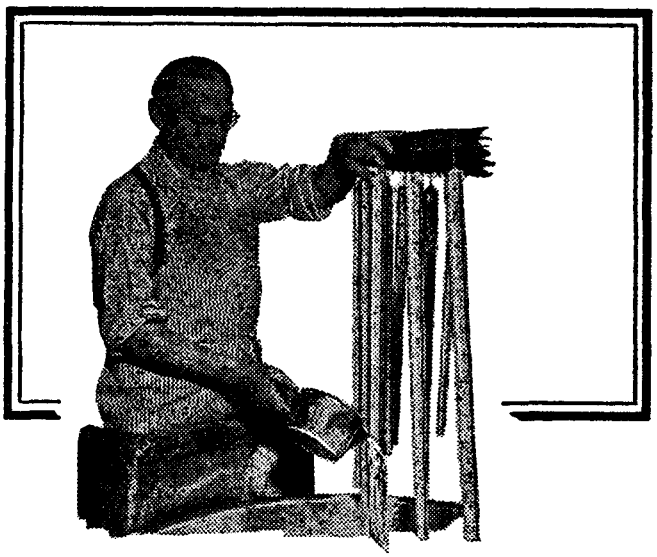

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

ADLAI STEVENSON AND ALGER HISS

EVEN from his prison cell, Alger Hiss casts a long shadow. When he was thought to be a faithful public servant, it is doubtful that one out of a thousand Americans would have recognized his name. Now, in disgrace, Alger Hiss may yet become something of a king-maker in reverse, his friendship the kiss of death.

To the forces behind Eisenhower, the Hiss case presents a terrible temptation. For Governor Adlai Stevenson knew Hiss, casually it is true, but he did know him and did make a deposition regarding Hiss' reputation for use in the first Hiss trial. In view of Hiss' ultimate conviction, the chances for the Republicans to reap political advantage from this relationship are obvious.

Stevenson's connection with Hiss was a slight one. For a few months in the early days of the New Deal, they were both attorneys for the AAA, two of many, and only casually acquainted. A dozen years later, they met again when Stevenson joined the State Department. Once more their relationship was that of office-hours acquaintance rather than one of intimacy.

By the time of the first Hiss trial, Adlai Stevenson was Governor of Illinois. His name and his position carried considerable weight, and Alger Hiss' lawyers asked him to testify as a character witness. This request Stevenson refused, but he did agree to make a deposition under court order.

When the time came for Governor Stevenson's deposition, he was asked to describe Alger Hiss' reputation at the time he knew him. Answering the questions, which called only for hearsay evidence, Governor Stevenson testified that during the period of their acquaintance he had always heard people speak well of Hiss. This fact should have surprised no one, but even so there is no doubt that by his testimony Stevenson risked his political future. Knowing this, he went ahead anyway, later explaining his reasons.

"It seems to me," Governor Stevenson said, "that it will be a very sad day for Anglo-Saxon justice when any man, and especially a lawyer, will refuse to give honest evidence in a criminal trial for fear the defendant in an action may eventually be found guilty. What would happen to our whole system of law if such timidity prevailed? If I were asked to answer the same questions tomorrow, in all honesty I would have to give exactly the same answers, and also I would have just as little cause to quarrel with the final verdict of the court."

IN view of Governor Stevenson's record, it is hard to see how this incident can fairly be used to blacken his name. But his political enemies in Illinois have never hestitated to make the attempt, and the same temptation to the political smear on a national scale now faces the men on the top levels of Republican leadership.

Much has been said and written about McCarthyism since the junior Senator from Wisconsin first started making the headlines. From the very beginning, those who considered every New Dealer a Communist welcomed McCarthy with open arms; to the reactionary, apparently, no statement he made was too wild, no charge too sweeping to carry conviction. In turn, perhaps because of this undiscriminating enthusiasm, too many liberals apparently felt it necessary to defend the indefensible, to rush to the rescue of anyone and everyone accused of subversion, regardless of the evidence.

Hysteria tends to breed counter-hysteria, and overstatement and extreme partisanship on both sides of the McCarthy debate have helped matters not at all. In some danger of being overlooked in the heat of the argument has been a very practical fact: whatever else may be said about Senator McCarthy's tactics, it should be obvious by now that they do not work. Concealing membership in the Communist party in order to work for the Government is an offense punishable under law. Senator McCarthy continues to make speeches, but where is the evidence that would produce indictments by the Grand Jury?

Despite this failure in operation, what has come to be called McCarthyism is itself a genuine threat. A real danger exists that the smear technique and

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the sly innuendo will come to be accepted as normal tools of statesmanship, that the blanket accusation and the careless charge will become routine elements in any political campaign.

Months ago, long before he became a candidate for the Presidency, Adlai Stevenson delivered a very forthright and penetrating analysis of McCarthyism. It would be ironic if he himself were now to become one of its major victims. Yet on the basis of the evidence available, it is only by the use of such tactics that Governor Stevenson can be tarred with the pitch of the Hiss case.

General Eisenhower has stated that he abhors the use of sensational and irresponsible charges for partisan purposes, although he carefully did not mention Senator McCarthy by name in making his statement. Whether Eisenhower's feelings on this matter are shared by his lieutenants and campaign managers remains to be seen.

Governor McKeldin of Maryland, who placed Eisenhower's name in nomination, recently urged party workers to make a major campaign issue out of Governor Stevenson's deposition at the first Hiss trial. Senator Dirksen of Illinois, long a Taft-man but now in Eisenhower's group, recently issued a statement in which he referred to the "Lavender Lads" of the State Department and included at the head of a list of Stevenson's "associates" the name of Alger Hiss.

Then there is Senator Nixon, Eisenhower's running-mate, who is best known for his successful role in the Hiss investigation. It has already been hinted that he was selected for a place on the ticket in anticipation of Stevenson's nomination by the Democrats. If Senator Nixon's campaign specialty turns out to be an attempt to identify Stevenson with Hiss, those who have been wondering where the GOP now stands on Senator McCarthy will have their answer. The use of such tactics during the campaign would mean that the Republicans have endorsed McCarthyism, even if Eisenhower himself never sets foot inside Wisconsin.

THE CAUSES OF VIOLENCE

OBVIOUSLY troubled over outbreaks of religious violence in Colombia, the Holy Father recently addressed the people of that country, calling on them for a revival of Christian charity and an end to strife. He warned against a continuation of the hatreds which divide the nation and urged all factions to place the spirit of unity above the fierce animosities which threaten civil war.

The Religious News Service now reports that a plan for religious conciliation between the Catholic majority and the Protestant minority, formulated by a Colombian Catholic layman, Dr. Jose Maria Chaves, is being seriously studied by the Bogota government. Civil authorities, as well as both Catholic and Protestant leaders, are reported interested in the proposals. Whether or not they succeed in forming a basis for the restoration of religious amity in Colombia, these recommendations, as reported, constitute a significant commentary on a situation which is, unfortunately, not unique to the South American Republic.

Dr. Chaves' proposals call for both sides to take steps toward improving the situation, and part of their real value lies in this recognition of mutual responsibility. Protestants are asked to limit their missionaries in Colombia to the present number or to a quota; to stop disseminating stories in the United States about the persecution of Protestants so long as no new violence occurs; to confine their preaching to Protestant churches and institutions; and to refrain from attacks on Catholic dogmas and ministers. Catholic authorities, both civil and religious, are called upon to denounce publicly any anti-Protestant violence; to take legal steps against the perpetrators of such violence; and to guarantee freedom of worship for Protestants.

These proposals illustrate, in miniature, some of the things which must be done in any such situation as the one prevailing in Colombia. Here we find a national condition in which the religious problem is so thoroughly involved with a people's national traditions and cultural self-consciousness that the answer of compromise and "fair play" (the Anglo-Saxon's obvious solution) is practically impossible.

Catholicism is so basically a part of the average Colombian's whole approach to life that to attack it must seem to him an attack on much more. An analogy for this situation in American terms is the average American's highly emotional reaction to a Communist's public advocacy of the violent overthrow of the United States government. The recognition of this fact by Protestant missionaries, and the consequent elimination from their preaching of what is bound to be resented as deliberate insults to Catholicism, is therefore a necessary condition for religious peace in traditionally Catholic countries.

The reported willingness of Protestant leaders to refrain from remarks on Catholic faith and practice which will be interpreted by the Catholic majority as insulting to their religion and culture is therefore encouraging, as is the willingness of Catholic authorities to denounce and punish acts of violence against Protestants. These seem necessary prerequisites to any settlement of the problem, and they are the most helpful elements in Dr. Chaves' proposals.

But there are other items which seem less hope-

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ful. The request that Protestants be granted freedom of worship is rather difficult to square with the recommendation that they confine their preaching to their own churches and institutions. This has unpleasant suggestions of "freedom of religion" interpreted as freedom to keep quiet about religion. The idea of "quotas" on Protestant missionaries does not diminish this unhappy impression.

If this impression is correct, then the proposals can do little toward a real solution of the problem. They may help to remove some of the more unpleasant accidental bitterness connected with it, but the basic question of the right of the individual conscience to give free expression to its religious convictions will remain. And it is this question which must be answered.

SEEDS OF PEACE

IN happy contrast to news of religious conflict and repression in Latin countries has been the recent evidence for the growth of Christian charity in Austria. Under the leadership of Coadjutor-Archbishop Franc Jachym of Vienna, the Austrian Church has been moving toward a new era. Convinced, as a recent pronouncement put it, that Catholicism's future must include the unequivocal affirmation of human dignity and freedom, Austrian Catholics are now contemplating the renunciation of their old concept of a "Confessional State," and a repudiation of any claim to special protection or privilege in the community. This pronouncement, if it comes, will mark an historic affirmation of the Church's essential freedom.

We are now informed that two leaders of Austrian Protestantism, Bishop Gerhart May and Church Superintendent Traar, have accepted invitations to attend the forthcoming "Katholikentag" to be held in Vienna in mid-September. Such an invitation and its acceptance are unprecedented, and it demonstrates what is possible when ancient enmities are put aside and Christians remember that they are Christians.

The Church in Austria was long afforded the same kind of favored position that it still enjoys in some other Catholic nations, and a Protestant was widely regarded with the same suspicion as he is even now in, say, Spain or Colombia. He represented to the great majority of the citizens not only an alien religious, but also an alien cultural, force. The invitation to the Protestant leaders represents, therefore, concrete proof of how such distrust can be overcome by men of vision. We are confident that the future of the Church in Austria will be more secure because of this.

THE CIVIL-RIGHTS ISSUE

BEFORE the two parties had named their candidates, it seemed that the South might be a decisive factor in this year's election. Both the Republicans and the Democrats met with this in mind, and it had much influence on their final decisions. Now, with the Southern electoral votes considered reasonably "safe" for the Democrats, the great contest has shifted to the populous industrial states. With this shift has come a renewed concern over "capturing" the vital Negro vote.

It is estimated that in a number of key "doubtful" states the Negro votes will hold the balance of power. We can expect, therefore, an assiduous wooing of these votes by the candidates of both parties, and the careful cultivation by Negro leaders of this opportunity for promoting their race's cause.

The expectation has already moved toward fulfilment. A group of Republicans, most of whom were among Mr. Eisenhower's earliest and most enthusiastic backers, has called for a much stronger stand on civil-rights legislation than their own candidate has been willing to take, and they have announced that the Negro's best hope of securing the passage of such legislation lies in the election of a Republican administration. Various Negro leaders, the most vocal of whom is Harlem's Rep. Clayton Powell, have warned both parties that unless they take a stand for a national FEPC law they may face a Negro boycott at the polls.

It is not because the question of the Negro's securing his full rights in American society is unimportant, but rather because it is very important, that we regret the use to which it is being put.

The Republican leaders who now promise the Negro a vigorous civil-rights program in the event of their party's victory cannot have forgotten that it is only because a majority of Republicans have usually allied themselves with the Southern Democrats that such legislation has failed to be enacted in the past. And such leaders as Rep. Powell must realize that nothing can be accomplished for the Negro through his self-imposed disenfranchisement. In much the same way as the "loyalty" pledge at the Democratic convention, this course suggests a battle over a paper principle, one which defeats the very objective which it seeks.

The problem of adequate civil-rights legislation is neither as simple nor as clear-cut as some would have it. By making it appear more easy of attainment than it really is, through campaign promises with no basis in fact and angry threats which can lead nowhere, neither the Negro nor the country is well served.

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THE EUROPEAN ARMY

WE say we are "going to Europe" as we might say we are going to California or Chicago. We tend to think of it as going to a place that is a moral, a spiritual, cultural and political unity as well as a sweeping geographical designation. In Europe things look different. A European doesn't think of himself as a European except in reference to America or the Orient. Habitually he thinks of himself as a Frenchman, an Italian, a Dutchman, a German, etc.

As he sees it, he is born into a specific nation, not into the general thing called Europe. His country's history, traditions, customs, loyalties, food and language are his. Neighbors across the border may be friendly or belligerent; in wartime they may be "the enemy" or fervent allies, but in either case their country remains clearly distinct from his. Relations between them are carefully regulated by treaties, agreements, the delicate machinery of international diplomacy. They may share a common civilization, religious tradition and basic way of life, but they don't think about it very often. In the normal course of events the claims made by this kind of unity are merely historical and academically vague.

Europe is full of Europeans who never think of themselves as Europeans. For them, the "European," who figures so strongly in our political reasoning, is a cultural and racial abstraction. I know a Swiss professor who answers the question "What is Europe?" by saying that it is a broad unity which extends to the coastline of California.

This is the basic problem in forming a European army—for the last four or five hundred years there have been no Europeans. With the dissolution of Christendom, the rise of the Protestant sects, the growth of nationalism and secularism, and numerous fratricidal wars, Europe (as the home of "Europeans") has quietly disappeared. The foremost task at SHAPE headquarters is to call it back into existence.

Logically, beginning with the creation of an army is probably the worst way to start. The building of an army should be the last step, not the first, in recreating a lost unity. Unity forges armies; armies don't forge unity. But history, alas, doesn't always wait on logic. The people of Europe by and large see the immediate necessity for pooling their military effort, as an exercise of realistic defense if not of cultural unity.

But the lack of unity certainly complicates the problem. Right now, for instance, the most debated question is whether the Germans should be included in the European army. The fact that the question is even raised shows that most people approach the problem of continental defense in nationalistic, not "European," terms. Frenchmen who fear the resurrection of German militarism are more keenly aware of the real entities France and Germany than of the ideal abstract unity "Europe."

Or take the case of Switzerland, in the heart of Europe. The Swiss have no intention of enrolling in the European army. They are banking on their traditional neutrality policy—which, incidentally, is essentially a practical political position, not at all the same as the "it's a choice between tweedle-dee, tweedle-dum" stand of the philosophical neutralists.

For hundreds of years neutrality has kept Switzerland safe from the wars on all sides. Their kind of neutrality is a luxury which few if any other countries can enjoy. Geography, tradition, political necessity and the general needs of international diplomacy have provided the Swiss with a hidden treasure. While neighboring countries were blasted and beaten, Switzerland remained untouched. While the war-weary masses of belligerent countries have suffered every kind of privation, the Swiss have prospered. Why, they will ask in Switzerland, should they throw away this great advantage in order to melt into "Europe"? War may strike "Europe" at any time; in Switzerland a man may be safe.

I asked everyone I met in Europe—mostly quite ordinary people, not experts—what they thought about the army which the U. S. was helping to create. There were hesitations and qualifications, but on the whole the majority were for it. I don't remember anyone who was positively enthusiastic; there was a note of grimness there always.

Some said that they were glad the European army was under U. S. direction. So keenly felt is the absence of genuine spiritual union in Europe that they thought the only way to keep this army of opposites and rivals going was for leadership to be assumed by some non-European power, preferably of course the United States.

In every conversation about the European army sooner or later an old fear intrudes: when you have armies, you have wars; it has always been that way, it probably always will be. People say it wearily, almost with resignation. Sometimes the thought wasn't spelled out but it was an underlying hesitation in every consideration.

"Without an army of defense," said a man I met sitting outside at the Café de la Paix in Paris, "the Russians are sure to move. With such an army, they may not want to but feel that they have to. Am I for it? Was I for the operation the doctor told me I had to have? Without it I surely would have died. With it, the doctor said, the chances were fifty fifty."

JOHN COGLEY.

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Two Parliaments in Action

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND A SMALL AUSTRIAN LANDTAG HIGHLIGHTS A POLITICAL PROBLEM

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

ONLY recently did I have the opportunity to see the House of Commons in action. During the debate on German rearmament a friendly M.P. got me a seat in that part of the gallery reserved to "distinguished foreign visitors," and I took full advantage of the privilege. To watch the "House" in action is indeed an experience not easily forgotten. There was Mr. Anthony Eden setting forth his views in a friendly, nonchalant and most undramatic way, using no oratory whatsoever. He spoke as if in a conversation among friends in a club. He laughed over every clever remark made by the opposition and seemed to be as much at ease as in the charmed circle of his own family.

On his right rested Mr. Winston Churchill, who, unless his attention is completely captivated, looks older than his years. Mr. Attlee, the "Leader of Her Majesty's Most Loyal Opposition," sat only five feet from Mr. Eden, and his notes and papers lay on the same heavy table as those of the Foreign Minister. Several of the Conservative and Labor Members put their feet on the table and, finally, Mr. Churchill did the same. No vote was taken and thus the "benches" were by no means fully occupied. Here and there one could see an M.P. fast asleep. The Speaker, with his wig, for some reason was absent. And the only formality one could observe was the bow made by each M.P. when leaving the "House." It is a bow in the direction of the Speaker, yet the origin of this gesture is shrouded in historical darkness.

Somebody has wittily remarked that the outcry: *"Scélérat, voleur, assassin, au poteau!"* frequently heard in the French Chamber (which means literally: "Criminal, thief, murderer—to the wall with you!") ought to be translated into English as: "The statements of the Gentleman from South Sheffield are, perhaps, not entirely correct." To a European Continental nothing is more surprising than to hear Mr. Attlee reply to Mr. Eden—again without rhetoric, without apparent emotion—and then to make the discovery that Mr. Eden will nod each time he agrees with Mr. Attlee. This would almost be inconceivable on the Continent because the ideological cleavages are so deep, the hatreds so monumental, the antagonisms so ingrained, that every notion of a "fair play" (a term untranslatable into French or German!) is "out." These men in the House of Commons, moreover, really *are* the legal descendants of the barons at Runnymede . . . and the House of Lords is in session just next door.

I visited it for a quarter of an hour, and there, of course, the club-atmosphere is even more marked. The debates are on a higher level, because here you have the descendants of the old British oligarchy—not all of them but those who take an active interest in politics. The others stay out. Here is the only hereditary chamber in the world, today practically powerless and a living tombstone of its former greatness.

YET returning to the House of Commons my reflective mood did not subside. I could see Mr. Aneurin Bevan attacking Mr. Eden during his reply from the back benches, and it was evident that many of Mr. Attlee's statements were far off the mark. He used exactly the same arguments against German rearmament as his socialist colleagues in Germany. Though educated in what is called a "Public School," he spoke as a member of the former Second International, not as an Englishman. There was a total misunderstanding of the German scene. Mr. Attlee was sure that in a German volunteer army only the Nazis would want to participate, whereas quite the opposite would be true. Mr. Attlee also insisted that the remilitarization of Germany was such a momentous question for the German people that any binding agreement with the West should be made only after new general elections have taken place. Yet it is obvious that on such an unpopular issue as military service the opposition, i.e., the German Socialists, were bound to gain and thus to prevent Dr. Adenauer, a man with a strong sense of responsibility for our Christian civilization, from carrying out his

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plan: the integration of West-Germany into NATO.

Now the reason why an impartial observer is less reassured by this impressive spectacle of a gentlemen's assembly quietly discussing politics is not to be found in Mr. Attlee's judgment, but rather in the fact that he represented a point of view shared by an *international* organization, whereas the Conservatives sat there as the exponents of purely local views. Mr. Attlee, with his Old School Tie from Haileybury College, once greeted Spanish Loyalists with the clenched fist, and when he meets with Dr. Schumacher, Monsieur Jules Moch, Herr Schärf and Signor Saragat at an international Socialist meeting, he calls them 'comrades' and they return the familiar address. Dr. Adenauer, Signor de Gasperi, Robert Schuman, Paul van Zeeland and Herr Figl are all practicing Catholics and, up to a point, they have a common language. Yet the British Conservatives continue in a not so splendid isolation.

The English-speaking nations have the odd ability of "maintaining" institutions by preserving their externals, yet drain them of their essentials. Thus one has to look behind the surface and must beware not to be dazzled by the appearances. The fact remains that of the two famous premises which Professor Laski deemed indispensable for the functioning of sound parliamentarism, only one has been preserved: the two-party-system. The other premise—the "common framework of reference," the common ideological denominator—has gone.

The "gentlemen" sitting on the Labor benches are mere stewards of the Trade Unions, i.e., Socialist corporations subsidizing the Labor Party but extracting contributions from practically *all* workers, regardless of their political affiliations. With the working class and the lower middle class quite safely rallied behind them, the Labor Party progressively expropriates the other classes through a shrewd system of taxation. This, to all practical purposes, constitutes bribery of a majority at the expense of a very large minority. It puts the Conservative Party on the spot since the Tories can win elections only if they can obtain votes not merely from the upper but also from the lower half of the social pyramid. This they cannot possibly expect if they show any signs of being prepared to disestablish Socialist legislation in matters which are of advantage to the lower half of the social pyramid.

In other words, the Conservatives have become "me-tooers" and thus are losing their political profile, their very "soul." Every Socialist government carries out its Socialist program, while the Conservative governments are merely freezing the situation and stop that evolution towards state-ownership of the means of production. Every new Labor victory continues the process. Thus we get in Britain a camouflaged one-party-system, and even the Conservative "interludes" are precarious. The present Tory majority in the House of Commons has been voted in by a minority of voters. Mr. Churchill is "in" quite accidentally. All this bodes ill for the future of genuine parliamentary government (which rests on change and an *effective* opposition). Needless to say, similar problems exist in all countries where the two-party system prevails.

FROM London it is a twenty-four hour trip by train to Innsbruck, capital of the Tyrol, a state of the Austrian Federal Republic. Since I am living five miles from this minor metropolis—a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants with a state university world-famed for its Jesuit-controlled theological department, I have ample occasion to visit its local diet, the Landtag. Here the ideological differences go even further, but they are somehow bridged by a very old tradition of popular representation and also by the long shadow cast by the danger from the East. The Iron Curtain is only one hundred and fifty miles farther to the East, and members of the "People's Party" (unofficially a Catholic party) and the Socialists *have* to get along with each other.

There are two minor groups: the "League of the Independents" (sort of National Liberals) and the inevitable Communists, a minute conventicle. Of course, the "gentlemanly" atmosphere of the House of Commons is not repeated over here, though the building in which the sessions take place is a great deal older than the intimate chamber in which the British M.P.'s meet.

The representatives of the Tyrolean people are a very rustic group. Drooping moustaches, harsh rural accents, weather-beaten faces, grey suits with green pipings and sometimes even leather shorts can be seen in the Landtag. The discussions are on a relatively low level and sometimes border on the ridiculous. Yet the Tyrolean Landtag has a virtue often lacking in the House of Commons: the representatives here know what they are talking about.

Naturally, the problems with which the House of Commons is faced are often of a worldwide nature. The M.P.'s have to make decisions concerned with Korea, atomic research, Commonwealth relations, self-government for the Rhodesias, the case of Seretse Khama and the administration of the Fiji-Islands. The Tyrolean Landtag, on the other hand, debates questions of tourism, concessions to factories, repair of school buildings, salaries of policemen.

The latter is also the older institution. This may only be of academic interest, but the Landtag has roots which go back to 1187 and unlike its English equivalent, by 1440 it had *full* popular representation, being composed of *four* Estates (clergy, nobility, burghers and peasants), not three, as, for instance, the Estates General in ancient France. Only in 1832 did

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the British Parliament *start* to get a democratic composition. (General male equal franchise was introduced in Great Britain in 1918, in the Austrian monarchy in 1907.) A poll-tax or other discriminations were similarly unknown here. Serfdom had died out in the Tyrol by the fourteenth century.

Of course, genuine popular representation in Switzerland is even older, and the British constitutional development has North-Spanish roots.

ENOUGH of these historical reminiscences! It certainly remains a fact that part of the crisis of Parliamentarism is due to the ever increasing gulf between the gravity and complexity of the problems with which they are faced, on the one hand, and the knowledge and experience of the representatives of the people on the other. The latter are elected on account of their party affiliation or merely because they are popular and have made attractive promises. In knowledge and experience they are usually inferior to the men of the higher echelons of the executive. Yet they give commands to the executive. The bigger the political unit, the more inadequate is their knowledge; the smaller the unit, the smaller the problems it is confronted with, and, therefore, the more adequate the men are for their task.

The village counsel of Lans, the village I am living in, is a very admirable body with men qualified for their task. Needless to say they are all personally known to every villager. This is an ideal condition which just cannot be repeated on a large scale. Yet national parliaments are very important bodies and their crucial role has been underlined by the Holy Father in his famous allocution at Christmas 1944 when he spoke about the right form of democracy and of its organ of popular representation, "from which political currents radiate in all fields of public life—for good or evil."

"In order to assure fruitful action, to gain esteem and trust, every legislative body—as experience undoubtedly proves—should be composed of an élite of men, spiritually eminent and of strong character who will consider themselves to be the representatives of the entire people and not merely the mandatories of a mob to whose particular interests the real needs and the real exigencies of the common good are only too frequently sacrificed."

From these sentences the Holy Father went on to talk about the other qualifications of this *eletta* (élite). It becomes evident that Pope Pius XII is acutely conscious of the problem of *quality* in the parliaments and that he considers this problem to be one "of life or death." Men and women who are merely popular, who are merely good talkers or "baby-kissers," won't do in the crucial role of legislators.

FROM ENGLAND

The British and U.S. Politics

THE British people are talking, as usual, about a great many things, without going very far into any. The polls say that they are becoming simultaneously a little less Bevanite and a little less Conservative. They are not much interested in the government's decision to sell nationalized road haulage back to private firms, though on the whole more of them like it than not. Four-fifths of them believe Britain is in a difficult economic position, though they are not quite sure what this means. It does not stop them grumbling as usual about the cost of living, or filling (though not quite as fully as hotel owners would like) the beaches at Bournemouth and Blackpool. But they are not talking very much about the American Presidential election.

This is partly, of course, because they are assured on all sides that nothing a candidate (or anyone else) says at election time should be taken down and used in evidence against him. But it is also, and primarily, because they feel that either Mr. Eisenhower or Governor Stevenson will deal as well as can reasonably be expected with those problems in which Britain is chiefly concerned. For the rest, it is none of our business to try to make up the American people's minds for them.

We in Britain are at the moment concerned chiefly with three aspects of American policy, and of these the most urgent is probably the danger of a slump, and of lack of cooperation in long-term plans for world development. E. R. P. has been wound up. It is a good moment for returning thanks not only for Marshall Aid, but also for the whole revolution in American foreign economic policy since the days of the Hawley-Smoot tariff. But it is also a time to remember that the dollar deficit is still with us as the major economic problem not only of Britain but of Western Europe as a whole. In the short run, this problem is simply not under our control. The Bevanite wing emits thunder and lightning, denounces the "Sunday-school socialism" of more timid Laborites, but can in the end suggest few measures which do not demand American cooperation.

If we take up the United Nations proposal that dollar stocks available to and through the International Monetary Fund should be increased, it is hard to see how this can be done unless America feels that it should be. We are bound, whether we like it or not,

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by the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. No one outside the lunatic fringe imagines that we can afford, even from the point of view of our own selfish interests, simply to throw this overboard without the approval, or at least the consent, of the most powerful economy in the world. We might try, and indeed are trying, to sell more in America. But we have watched the odoriferous alliance of the Pocketbook Workers Union with the Dehydrated Onion and Garlic Industry at work on the Customs Simplification Bill, together with other signs that the tide of protection is again creeping in; and we are not pinning our hopes too high.

Meantime, there is the distinct danger of a slump as the armament build-up tapers off. Economists, not necessarily with an axe to grind, are beginning to date this for next spring. No one believes it need, or will, be a big slump. This is not 1929. But the economists are also reminding us of the devastating effect on the British balance of payments problem of even quite a small recession in America in 1948-9.

Rather further ahead, the prospects look brighter. We can do a great deal by a combined development plan for Europe and its associated territories, including the British Commonwealth. It would cost us a great deal, and would have to extend over twenty or thirty years. But it could save dollars and also earn them on a big scale. If America wishes to import materials on the scale forecast by the President's Materials Policy Commission, we can hope to supply them. But these developments also depend a good deal on American policy. How seriously will a new Administration take Point Four? And will it take the advice of the *Wall Street Journal* to forget about inter-governmental agreements, long-term contracts, and development loans, and let private purchasing of scarce materials rip, to the confusion of other nations whose industries also depend on raw material imports?

WE are less worried than we were about America's role in the cold war, or, generally, in world leadership. The picture of the trigger-happy cowboy galloping romantically off into China amid the enveloping flames of the third World War corresponds to no substantial body of public opinion on your side of the Atlantic any more than on ours. But we did frankly feel very unhappy when we studied the pronouncements of Mr. Taft, and still more the astonishing keynote speech at Chicago by General MacArthur.

There is no divine providence which makes a Democrat a natural expert in foreign affairs, whereas a Republican is not. But the Democrats happen to have been in power during the twenty years when the United States moved into the center of the world stage, and have matured in the process. What worried us about the Taft forces was not simply that we thought them wrong about this issue or that. A few years, or even months, in power would have cured this. It was that they seemed to have no general grip on an increasingly complicated world situation.

It is appallingly easy today to put a foot wrong, and by so doing to wreck the patient collaboration of months or years. The echoes of the Yalu bombing have not yet died away. It is easy to look at the West and its problems of defense, and to forget India or Africa with their national susceptibilities and problems of material and spiritual development. One can look at Britain or Scandinavia, still apparently dragging their feet in the cause of European unity, and decide to waste no more effort in pressing for a full confederation of Western Europe. More, it might seem, could be achieved by putting all possible weight behind a six-country federation. But this would be to ignore such new and hopeful symptoms as the success of the European Youth Campaign, particularly in, precisely, Scandinavia and Britain. Looking at Mr. Taft and his colleagues, we felt that here were men only too prone to decide questions of this sort on half, or less than half, of the evidence.

On the other hand, we were a little startled to find America's main task defined, in the keynote speech at the Democratic convention, as being to fight Communism abroad *and at home*.

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S attempt to depict America as a fascist police state hardly convinces even the Editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*. But when the *New Statesman* goes on to point out that for the world as a whole the choice is not merely between cold war, hot war, and reconciliation, but between cold war after the manner of Orwell's *1984* and cold war after that of Péguy, the shot comes much nearer home. "When a free people," Péguy wrote, "is threatened with military invasion . . . it needs only to prepare perfectly its mobilization. And its mobilization once prepared, needs only to continue . . . its life of culture and liberty. Any change in this existence caused by the introduction of fear, of apprehension, or even of expectation, would already mean a successful attempt, a beginning of a military, barbarous, and enslaving invasion . . . the most dangerous of invasions; the invasion which crosses the threshold of inner life and which is infinitely more dangerous for a people than a territorial occupier."

We know, of course, that the military invasion threatened today is preceded by a fifth column of spies and traitors. The most effective of these men are not, by any ordinary standards, criminal, corrupt, or alien to their environment. To smoke them out is a nasty process, leaving a thoroughly unpleasant odor behind. Yet it has to be done, and has been done in Britain

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as well as America. We are also aware that many of the specific issues on human rights arising in America today, as for instance over Negroes' rights, are actually signs of progress, in the sense that not so long ago it would have been unthinkable for any such questions to be raised at all.

Yet when all is said and done, the fact that Senator McCarthy has not been disciplined by his party, or even so relatively minor a matter as the State Department's slip-up over Mr. Lattimore's passport, indicates a state of mind which is not only discreditable to America but dangerous to the world. It is thoroughly bad propaganda for the democratic cause, and a dangerous encouragement to countries where the doctrine that Communism is to be defeated by the police rather than by progress is in any case more easily received.

NONE of these problems has an easy answer, or the kind of answer which can be made into a simple, straightforward election issue. In most cases the answers are only gradually becoming clear as experience accumulates. This is obviously true, for instance, of the politics of Europe and the Atlantic Community, or the problems of international trade and development. The search for solutions will have to continue for ten, twenty, or thirty years. It will proceed, very often, in an atmosphere of resentment and suspicion, which can easily cause collaboration to break down. For better or for worse, America is rich and the rest of us are (relatively) poor. America leads and the rest of us are led. America is (more or less) safe, the rest of us live in the front line. It is not surprising if the British, or other Europeans, feel from time to time that they are being pushed around, endangered, or asked to do more than their share; or if America in return complains of Europeans who drag their feet, or of unfair suspicion of American motives.

The President we in Britain, under these conditions, would like to see in the White House would have preferably a liberal mind, some vision of the possibilities of social progress at the international as well as the national level. But he would have above all an open mind—readiness to learn from experience—and the administrative skill needed to keep the American economy running smoothly, and to drive a quarreling and self-willed international team steadily and without panic.

Mr. Taft, it seemed to us, was not such a man. We shuddered to think how he might handle a slump, and doubted his grasp of much that is implied in America's emergence as diplomatic and military leader of the world. We noted the hysteria and shady politics of his supporters at Chicago, and could only with difficulty see him as the apostle of progress, light, and human rights.

Mr. Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson, on the other hand, appear to fill the bill as well as anyone could reasonably expect. *The Times,* after analyzing the record of past Presidents of the United States, notes that the greatest of them come chiefly from two sources: successful State governors, and, especially in the early days, civil and military officials who had served long abroad in positions requiring high ability and long experience in diplomacy.

Naturally, we have still our reservations. We would like (and so would everyone else) to know more about Mr. Eisenhower's domestic program. In spite of the touching reconciliation at the end of the Republican convention, we wonder whether the elephant ever really forgets, and whether Eisenhower plus a Republican Congress will be quite as attractive a proposition as Eisenhower alone. On the other hand, we can see the danger of keeping a party forever in the wilderness, and the value of associating a Republican administration definitely and finally with the revolution in America's domestic and international affairs since 1932.

We have watched Mr. Eisenhower serving two such masters as Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt, driving a team which contained such characters as Montgomery and Patton, and giving shape to SHAPE. We are prepared after this to believe that he can manage even his own party.

The essential fact is, however, that we see in Stevenson and Eisenhower two good men, both of whom have had an excellent press in this country, receiving the approval even of papers which on the face of it might be expected to be hostile. These two candidates appear to us to have as many of the necessary qualifications as anyone short of an archangel. Indeed, to judge by certain press comments on Governor Stevenson, one might in his case remove the qualification. Whichever of the two the American people may choose in November, we in Britain are not likely to complain.

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY.

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Old Slogans Fade Away

GOVERNOR STEVENSON is a highly complicated man who has long since put away illusion, and is yet possessed by it. He seems to think, for example, that with his own idea of foreign policy General Eisenhower is in such close agreement that the issue of foreign policy can be abstracted from debate. He seems to think, too, that the coming political campaign can be an exercise in education, an ennobling and elevation of the American people. He seems to think that what you do with possessed truth is to reveal it, to tell it no matter how brutal it may be. He seems to think that in a political campaign man ought not to pretend that there are sharp differences when there are hardly any at all. Yet he knows that some of these things will be done. He knows that he cannot prevent the cheapening and coarsening of much of our life and conduct from now until November.

Already General Eisenhower has attacked the Democrats on the alleged ground that they have produced a one-plan platform—the defense of the Truman administration. This is an accusation which is palpably absurd. Moreover, so to interpret the civil-rights plank in the Democratic platform is, for General Eisenhower, to hide his own so-near agreement with Governor Stevenson on that subject. Besides, so very much of the policy of the Truman Administration is defensible that the General resigned the presidency of a great university in order to symbolize, defend and advance it. Not to have defended it would have been not only to have been wanting in patriotism, it would have been to show a want of intellectual understanding.

The Truman Administration may, in respect of its domestic policy, have fallen down in its center like a much abused bed. But its foreign policy has been the living foundation for the freedom, the physical and moral sustenance, of millions of human beings. Neither Mr. Truman nor Mr. Stevenson had anything to do with the partition of the German State—a fact not clearly grasped, by the way, by General Eisenhower. But that there is a West Germany and a West Berlin, a place of refuge, of more than hope, of literal active stability, a place of heat and food and roofs against storm, and doors unravaged by stabbing bayonets, is a fact—a structure raised and kept by many men. And surely not the least of these is President Truman. The hypocrisy, the historical vulgarity of much of the attack on the conduct of the President in Korea was revealed with stark obedience to the facts by Senator Paul Douglas at the Democratic Convention. To ignore it is hardly replying to it. If Governor Stevenson is correct in his estimate of the wisdom of the American people, General Eisenhower is going to have to develop skills of debate and a concrete bill of particulars so far absent from his words.

NOT very ennobling, either, is going to be the use of the name of Alger Hiss. The exploitation of his name is evidently going to be turned over to Senator Nixon. It may very well be, as the *Herald Tribune* insists, that Senator Nixon is the Republican Party's answer to Senator McCarthy, but it is an answer which is hard going to prove innocent of rhetoric. And for his deposition in the case of Alger Hiss Governor Stevenson is hardly going to be exposed to a process which can rightly be regarded as educational. The origin and meaning of the Governor's deposition in the Hiss case has been quietly, patiently and professionally explained by Mr. Stevenson—but it is very unlikely that his explanation will be accepted for all of that.

Nor is Governor Stevenson opposed in his desire for an educational campaign solely by his Republican opponents. He is disentangled from the politics of the Truman Administration. For none of its policies does he hold any responsibility. He is, to put it that way, the heir-apparent. But the seat of power is possessed by Mr. Truman, and Mr. Truman's appreciation of his own political prowess is high. Governor Stevenson can hardly prevent the President from campaigning, and he can hardly regard the President's help as an unmixed blessing. For the President is campaigning against Herbert Hoover and unnamed "special interests." The Governor is not so anchored in the past as all that. His own position on FEPC indicates his acute sense of political reality. It is this that makes him unwilling to hold a promise to the ear and break it to the heart. Given his election it seems clear to me that he will be his own man and to suppose that his election guarantees a continuation of present domestic policy is, I think, sheer nonsense.

His choice of Senator Sparkman illustrates again the character of the man. For it is plain that we, in the United States, are in the presence of an accumulating political revolution. The South still resorts to the clichés of states rights while lusting after Federal patronage. But the real difficulty in the South is that, since the political arrangement of 1876, it has been a one-party country. Opposition has been unable to find a home, and what Republicanism has existed there has been bought, and bought cheaply. The Dewey-Eisenhower attack on the Taft delegates so sharply re-

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vealed this to so many people that the Ohio Senator was defeated. The meaning of the Dewey-Eisenhower attack was that they were unwilling to play an old game. And it is likely that one of the meanings of Eisenhower's candidacy will be that he will be the instrument of bringing a generous two-party system into existence in the South.

The rhetoricians, the merely professional civil rights-ers at the Democratic convention, failed to realize this, but Governor Stevenson did not, as, among other things, his approval of Senator Sparkman indicates. It is not that he has any academic objection to a Southern two-party system. But it is natural that the price he is unwilling to pay for it is his own defeat. Whatever else will be true of this campaign, one of its unique features will be the signal and constant attention, which, throughout it, the South will receive. For the first time since 1876 it has the actual power to elect a Republican President.

IT is accurate, I think, to say that we are at once on the eve of a political revolution and in the presence of a period of political consolidation. The two are neither illogical nor necessarily in conflict. The one has to do with our party system, the other with ideas and the transformation of those ideas into law. The fact of the matter is that the social and economic revolution introduced by President Roosevelt has come to a halt.

The only elements of ideological vigor shown by Mr. Truman's administration lay in the demand for a civil-rights program, and in the repeal of the Taft-Hartley law. It can hardly be maintained that Mr. Truman's position on price control is understandable or defensible.

The fact of the matter is that we have been living for some time on old slogans. The worst thing, I think, that can be said about the Truman Administration is that for a long time it has been without any ideas. Like the Attlee Government in England it has gone as far as it was able or willing to go. It may be good politics to keep demanding a law you cannot get, and know you cannot get, or to demand the repeal of another law, or to have access to it in time of crisis. But to maintain that your party is vigorous and imaginative when such requested repeal is your only contribution to our industrial life is to pretend to a realistic understanding you do not possess.

Nothing, for example, is clearer to me than the fact that we do not now have industrial legislation which has even remote acquaintance with the facts of our industrial life. That we cannot, especially in war time, satisfactorily maintain production is proved by the recent steel strike—a strike, as well as the handling of it, for which it seems impossible to me to produce a defense. To maintain that to keep the Taft-Hartley law or to maintain that it should be repealed is to defend chaos. The fact is true, the Taft-Hartley Law was written and upheld, as, indeed, it was wholly opposed, by equally misunderstanding, foolish and obstinate men.

How a fresh and uncaught mind operates is seen in Governor Stevenson's opinion about this law. "What the country needs and must have is an adequate and satisfactory labor law. It would seem to me that the area of agreement to attain the objectives of equal justice for employer and employee is enlarging; and maybe it is better to remove the political symbolism of the name, 'Taft-Hartley,' by repeal. What we need and what the country wants, however, is the result—and that is much more important to me than the method by which it is attained."

I cannot believe that Governor Stevenson will fail to bring to Washington an original sense of political acumen, a strong, fresh imagination untangled in old myths, or that he will go on picking on old bones which have been long ago sucked dry, or that he will offer them to us. I hasten to say that I do not believe that General Eisenhower would either, though the split in his party would make life more difficult for him. But I am assuming here that Governor Stevenson will be elected and that General Eisenhower will not.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

THE SCREEN

LADIES FAIR AND MEN OF IRON

WE are fortunate to have some good film fare fashioned from a couple of highly esteemed novels. And, as an added bonus, besides telling stories that never lag in interest, both of these movies are so well spiked with social significance that they evade any escapist labels.

I'm not sure that anyone except students reads "Ivanhoe" any more; and maybe even they, in these days of comic books, no longer struggle through it. In any case, M-G-M rediscovered this lively story and sent a company to England to make a bang-up movie. The results are so good one wonders why someone didn't consider this exciting tale as cinema material during all the years since the early King Baggot version. Adaptor Aeneas MacKenzie and scriptwriter Noel Langley had to juggle Scott a bit, especially in the racial and religious aspects of the novel (no mention is now made of the fact that the villainous De Bois Guilbert is a member of the esteemed Knights Templars), but they came up with screenplay that won't annoy Scott-admirers and that Director Richard Thorpe could whip up into an exciting and richly detailed panoramic picture of England in medieval times.

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Perhaps the depth of characterization isn't as great as in Scott's original, but the people do have a reality unusual for an epic of this kind. Robert Taylor as the Saxon Knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, has the right amount of virility, devotion to a cause (the ransoming of King Richard held captive in Austria) and interest in the underdog to give him heroic stature. Furthermore he is loved by two women. Although Joan Fontaine as the fair Rowena loses somewhat by contrast to the more spirited and incredibly beautiful Rebecca, she plays the role of ward to Ivanhoe's irate father (Finlay Currie) with conviction. As the daughter of Isaac the Jew (Felix Aylmer) Elizabeth Taylor has never looked lovelier. The Technicolor throughout is exceptional and the spectacular pageant scenes at Ashby are a delight of movement and color. Even audiences who find the two tournaments held here somewhat lengthy (Ivanhoe versus the five Norman knights in combat with lances; and later the duel between Ivanhoe with axe and De Bois Guilbert with mace) will enjoy the over-all beauty of these two scenes.

The large supporting cast is also good throughout Pandro S. Berman's fine production. George Sanders manages to give De Bois Guilbert a certain nobility in spite of his slobbering over Rebecca and his displays of Norman meanness. Emlyn Williams makes Wamba the jester quite touching; and Guy Rolfe makes the usurper Prince John definitely sinister. Indeed, there's never a dull moment in "Ivanhoe."

But what makes "Ivanhoe" more than a well-staged and handsome movie is its strong social content, its protest against oppression of a minority group, the portrait of dignity with which Isaac suffers and Rebecca refuses to denounce her faith when she's tried for witchcraft. Perhaps a movie like this puts over its message better than a straight documentary against anti-semitism. In any case you may even be startled into thinking, when early in the film one of the characters says: "For every Jew you show me who's not a Christian, I'll show you a Christian who's not a Christian."

NOW that the Communists have claimed Victor Hugo as their boy, they will probably be furious with 20th Century-Fox's film version of "Les Miserables" in which Jean Valjean, after serving ten years aboard a convict galley for stealing a loaf of bread, has his faith restored in mankind and gets a new start on life through the generous gift of a Bishop. After the brutal galley scenes, these episodes between the Bishop (Edmund Gwenn) and Jean (expertly portrayed by Michael Rennie) are quite touching.

It is to the credit of scriptwriter Richard Murphy and Director Lewis Milestone that they were able to condense Hugo's lengthy novel without losing its broad sweep. The plot is now episodic, but the picture makes no pretence about this: the whole is divided into three phases—the first ends after Jean buys the pottery business with the money from the Bishop's silver plates, the second ends many years later after Jean has become a highly respected well-to-do citizen, has kept his promise to Fantine (Sylvia Sidney) by raising her daughter (Debra Paget) and has to flee from the pursuing Javert, and the third phase deals with Jean's rescuing Cosette's fiancé (Cameron Mitchell) and his final conflict with Javert after the chase through the Paris sewers.

Lewis Milestone has handled all this in the grand manner, and if the story seems a little hurried at times, the characterizations are by no means slighted. Jean Valjean's sense of justice is emphasized again and again. And Javert's equally strong sense of law (which for him is the same as justice) are also emphasized. Robert Newton plays this ruthless police officer in pursuit of Valjean so well that you almost understand how a man can believe that the rules must be followed to the letter. Actually his becomes the most interesting character in the movie.

I'm not sure that the themes of "Les Miserables" are for children, but this well-made movie, with Producer Fred Kohlmar's fine cast and effective last-century French settings, has something for all other audiences.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

CATHOLIC LOYALTY

THE current issue of Fordham University's quarterly *Thought* carries an article by Father Gustave Weigel, S. J., entitled "The Church and the Democratic State." In the course of his article Father Weigel outlines the main issues in the present controversy on the Church-State question within American Catholic theological circles. The following is an excerpt:

> Father John Courtney Murray has proposed a synthesis of the principles directing the Church's relations to the State. The principles can be found in Gelasius, Boniface VIII, Pius IX, Leo XIII and Pius XII, and they are three. (1) The Church, because it is a supernatural spiritual society and because the spiritual has primacy in human life, is superior to the State, and therefore must be free from its jurisdiction. (2) The commonwealth arises from the nature of men necessarily in order that man satisfy his needs and potentialities. Its arrangements must be prudently dictated by the truth applied to, and tempered by, a concrete situation so that it can effectively promote the

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common good in terms of the peace and prosperity of the citizen-body. (3) Since the same human person belongs to the two distinct societies which are for his peace and not for his confusion, Church and State must collaborate in harmony and concord which are to be achieved according to the respective structures of both. The Church is always the same, but the State takes on different forms of organization in different circumstances.

The opponents of Father Murray have also made a contribution. They do not deny the validity of the dynamic principles expounded by Father Murray, but they have stressed what he took for granted, namely, that the Church has authoritatively set forth the ideal structure of a commonwealth and this philosophy is not a matter of indifference to Catholics.

The "static expositors" [opponents of Father Murray] have not sufficiently stressed the truth that this philosophy is not a pragmatic norm for government in the concrete, which must function according to prudence in non-ideal situations. It is permissible and even obligatory for government to tolerate arrangements which are not in accord with the Christian ideal, but there must be no claim that such arrangements *are* the ideal. Such a structure of tolerance objectively dispenses citizens and governors from the obligation arising from the theoretical ideal, for in such circumstances objective truth imposes no objective obligation other than the recognition that the ideal has not been achieved. The immediate source of obligation for government is always the concrete good of peace and prosperity.

This good is not indifferent to truth, natural or revealed, but is to be pursued according to existent possibilities. According to Pius XII the common welfare not only can be licitly procured by a democratic arrangement, but "it seems to many" that this polity in our time is imposed by reason itself. The phrasing of the pontifical pronouncement is a manner of approving the opinion cited, though it does not canonize it, nor commit the Pope in any way.

Consequently the question of concord between Church and State cannot be resolved merely by considering the Christian sociological ideal presented by Pope Leo XIII, even though we must never lose sight of it. The harmony will be achieved differently in different forms of community structure.

In our type of democracy governmental institutions have no power to act in religious matters, not because they are hostile to religion but because the framers of those institutions were anxious to give it fullest freedom in a society religiously pluralistic. Hence the type of concordat so traditional in ecclesiastical history is in our case impossible, for it supposes that the government dealing with the Holy See is empowered for the task. Here the realization of the principle of concord will be different.

In our land the Catholic as a citizen is a fractional citizen-king. Through the democratic processes he can influence and direct legislation. He makes his voice heard so that the commonwealth will not impose on him obligations not in harmony with his duties as a Catholic. As in all concordats regulating the common affairs of Church and State, the Church deals with the sovereign, who in America is the fractional citizen-king. This method, as Pope Leo XIII gladly conceded, has worked admirably well in the United States. American legislators and American judges seriously take into account the Catholic's way of life and have in the main tried honestly to frame and apply legislation so as not to annoy him. This duty derives from the Constitution which recognizes that the Catholic, like any other citizen, has the right to live his own religious life.

The net result of the current controversy concerning the relations of Church and State has been a clarification of the doctrine. The "dynamic expositors" and the "static" school are in hearty agreement on the issue fundamental for American Catholics: there is no ground for a conflict between a Catholic's loyalties to God and country. This conclusion, though academically interesting, is not startling for Catholics, because no American Catholic, theologian or lay, ever did think that there was such a conflict.

Needless to say, this whole method of thinking will not answer the Blanshardians. . . . To deal with Blanshard decisively, we must meet his attacks on the ground of the suppositions which give his arguments their logical force. Blanshard understands American democracy as a naturalistic arrangement of social relations where truth has no determining role in communal life and legislation. For truth he substitutes popular consent achieved through free debate. Such an interpretation of American democracy, not imposed by any law of the land, is merely Blanshard's. No religious American who believes in a God who makes demands on man absolutely, which man is not free to debate, can accept Blanshard's theory. Such religious men are and have always been the majority in this land, and they have never found anything in the Constitution or American history justifying Blanshard's thesis. On the contrary, they sincerely believe that Blanshard is flying in the face of American reality.

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Two Writers — One from Tel Aviv

JOE DEVER

HARRY RALBY came to see me tonight. That is to say, one unknown writer called on another.

It really can't be much different when Waugh calls on Greene or Isherwood on Huxley. There's a certain rapport male writers have with each other that is almost indecent. They sit down with each other and the first thing they want to do is get rid of the women and children. Then the marathon talking—and sometimes drinking—begins.

There is all this preliminary modesty about one's own work and all this compassionate interest in the work of one's company.

Harry beat me to it though, by asking with seemingly intense interest, just how things were getting on. He has considerable of an accent, so he sounded something like this:

"You-book, how ees it?"

Even though I could see Harry's latest long-hand manuscript lolling out of his coat pocket, I managed a smile and gave him the answer I give just about everybody:

"It's under way," I said.

"Not so good?" Harry asked, almost in alarm. I was the only writer he knew who had published anything, so he wanted me to persevere and write the big one. Perhaps then I could do something for him.

"Not so bad," I answered.

"Well, it will come," Harry said with a certain finality which signified that the preliminaries were about over.

"Again last night I could not sleep," Harry continued.

"So I see," I said, eyeing the manuscript in his pocket.

"Oh, you saw it?" Harry asked brightly.

"How could I miss? It bulks like a three-act play. Is this one also about Tel Aviv?"

"Tel Aviv."

"Why do you always write about Tel Aviv?"

"Because I am not there." Harry said. "Perhaps that is why you write about the midwest."

"That is true," I told Harry Ralby, né Harry Rabinowitz, the writer. When I was in the midwest I wrote about the east. Now, in the east, I write about the midwest.

"It is true of many writers," Harry said in his writer-voice. His writer-voice takes on a ballast of gruff heartiness which communicates long experience and deep conviction.

It was good to be talking with a writer again. My wife had gone shopping, the children were down at the corner playground. And the idea grew brightly through the obscurity of Harry and myself that things social were not much different between Sean O'Faolain and Frank O'Connor.

"Why is that, Harry?" I asked, extending the subject, shying involuntarily away from the inevitable task of reading Harry's story. "Why is it that we do not write well of a place while we are in it?"

"That is very simple," Harry said in his writer-voice.

I could almost hear him at the Pulitzer Prize Banquet, say, in the main ballroom of the Ritz. An alert, balding young man in a tux would turn to him and ask: "Why, then, Mr. Ralby, why does the modern American novel manifest such a preoccupation with sex?"

"That is very simple," Harry would answer on that occasion.

Now, he answered: "It is simple because when you are far away from well-known dings you get this—what you call it—ber-spective."

"Sure, Harry," I said, "and if you have some good ideas, you have to get away from the people and things that gave you the ideas. It's like the business of talking behind people's backs. It can't be done with power and charm unless the people aren't around. The writer sort of talks behind people's backs. Don't you agree?"

"I agree!" Harry said vehemently, "I agree!"

"Perhaps that is why you left Tel Aviv," I said.

"No, it was not the first reason," Harry objected. "I came to America to make money. I started a launderette, made money, and now I have retired. But always—it is true—I thought of the writing—the friends and relatives back there, living in great poverty. I sent them money for years, but mostly I wanted to write about them."

"Like Sholem Aleichem."

"Sholem Aleichem," Harry said softly. "A great man! If only I could write one quarter as well."

"Frank O'Connor!" I said softly, "If only . . ."

"If only, if only . . ." Harry said. "Life is filled with if-onlys."

"If only you would not show me your manuscript," I almost said at this point.

IT wasn't that I minded reading Harry's stuff and offering an opinion or two. It was just that he wouldn't leave the manuscript with me and see me about it in a day or so. It was just that he'd sit there in front of me, bug-eyed, staring at my slow page-turning until the bitter end.

"Well, as I was saying," Harry resumed, "I couldn't sleep last night."

"So you did another Tel Aviv."

"So I did," Harry said, smiling modestly and unrolling a lengthy

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manuscript. "Would you favor me with a reading?"

"Sure thing, Harry!" I said.

He handed me the script and I lowered my eyes:

NO DECIMAL POINT

by

Harry Ralby

"Not a bad title," I said.

"It's good?" Harry asked, with the beginning of a poignant smile.

"Good," I said, turning the title page and going gingerly at the opening paragraph while my courage lasted. But I could not read—even the opening sentence—without the almost vise-like consciousness of Harry sitting there, his head cocked intently like a big, sad dog, waiting, waiting for affection and approval.

"This is a story about Rachel and Ben Rohman who lived in a shack in Tel Aviv. It is also the story of a decimal point and the difference it makes between happiness and destitution."

The yarn continued in simple, concrete and somewhat ungrammatical English, telling how Rachel and Ben longed for a larger more comfortable home in which to have their baby. There was a house across the road which they could buy for the equivalent of 1500 dollars. It was owned by an old man who wished to travel to New York and die in the presence of his grown children.

So Ben Rohman, in desperation as his wife's time approached, wrote to relatives in New York and stated his all-surpassing need for $1500.00.

Rachel prayed, Ben hoped. Back came the letter from the relatives in New York saying:

"We are able to raise $1500. The check follows by air mail."

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" Rachel cried happily, "That is what we need!"

"That is all," said Ben.

So they ran to the old man across the road and made preliminary arrangements to buy his house.

"The check is on its way from New York," Rachel said with tears in her eyes.

"I am on my way *to* New York," the old man said with tears in his eyes.

Then after reflecting several moments and stroking his tangled beard, the old man added: "So the baby is coming! This will be its new home. You and Ben must move in here and make ready for the new one. For soon, when the check comes from New York, I will go."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said Rachel, smiling through her tears.

"No, we couldn't do that," Ben said. "Thank you so much."

"But you can, you must. This is your home," the old man said, stroking his beard wisely. "Get your belongings and come."

"He really means it, Ben," Rachel said.

"He really means it!" Ben said, looking at the dry floor, dry walls and dry ceiling, looking at the good steel plumbing, smelling the sweet of a clean house and thinking of the dirt and stench of the shack across the road.

"We'll come!" Rachel exclaimed, clapping her hands with joy. "For the new baby's sake, we'll come!"

"For the new baby," the old man said, nodding slowly. "An old one goes, a young one comes."

"A young one comes," Rachel said, kissing the old man on his whiskered cheek.

"The check will come soon," Ben said anxiously.

I looked up from the manuscript, avoiding Harry's intent and hungry features. "Not too bad," I thought.

Back to the story:

Rachel and Ben moved into the big house with the old man. Two days later the check arrived by air mail.

"You open it, Rachel," Ben said.

The old man sat there stroking his beard.

Rachel opened the envelope and slipped out the check.

"Ben, Ben!" she exclaimed, clamping one hand on her forehead. "Fifteen, only fifteen dollars!"

"Give it here," Ben said.

Rachel handed him the check, let out a cry like a wounded beast and fled the house.

Ben read the check.

"Fifteen dollars," he said dolefully. "This is some mistake."

"How much it said in the letter?" the old man asked.

"Fifteen hundred!" Ben insisted. "Here, I show you."

The old man read it slowly.

"Is fifteen hundred?" Ben asked.

"Is," the old man answered, nodding. "But maybe mistake. Maybe no decimal point."

Rachel came in, her eyes red from tears. She began to pick up her belongings—a battered alarm clock, a chipped vase.

"No decimal point, Rachel," Ben said with very much love.

THE story ended here. I looked up and there was Harry, waiting in agony, his eyeballs distended, his brow beaded with sweat. Thus perhaps did Eliot wait for Pound to speak or Thomas Wolfe for Perkins. Even with unknown writers, this is so.

"Pretty good, Harry," I said. "It's really quite nice."

"You like it?" Harry said, sighing out his fear. "You really like it?"

"Maybe if you clean it up, tighten it up and round it off."

"Round it off?"

"The old man," I said.

"Yes, the old man!" Harry said, leaping to the idea. "He should say something more, do something more maybe."

"I think he should, Harry, if you want to print it."

"He could let them stay." Harry said. "He could say: The new one will be born and I shall die. Stay here. Fifteen dollars must be as fifteen hundred.

"But New York, Rachel could say. You want to go to New York."

"I go to a far better land, the old man could say. The child comes and I go. Stay!"

"Not bad," I said to Harry. "Send it to *Accent*. Tell them you're a writer from Tel Aviv. Put your real name on the script."

"Like Sholem Aleichem," Harry said.

Thus did one unknown writer speak to another, even as Waugh to Greene, Isherwood to Huxley, Eliot to Pound.

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The Compassion of a Christian Artist

MISERERE. By Georges Rouault. Preface by the artist. Introduction by Monroe Wheeler. 62 plates. Museum of Modern Art, New York. $3.75.

By FRANK GETLEIN

THE "Miserere" of Georges Rouault is one of those projects for which people have waited a long time. The story of the book itself reflects, in a minor key, the story it tells and indeed the story that Rouault tells over and over throughout his career: patience in long-suffering, devotion and determination through very hard years, futility and frustration accepted, all ending in a muted and peculiarly Christian triumph, the triumph of the Cross.

During the first world war, Rouault conceived as a testament a series of one hundred engravings, half to be titled "Miserere," the rest, "Guerre." Almost all of the drawings for the present plates were completed by the end of the war. Rouault's dealer and publisher had them photo-engraved on the largest copper sheets practicable and delivered them to the artist for finishing. Rouault was profoundly discouraged, but went to work, rubbing out, starting over, using all tools.

In every case he was constrained to follow the lines of his original drawings and at the same time achieve the effect of having started with the unmarked metal. In 1927, thirteen years after undertaking the project, the plates were finished and printed. Due to disagreements and other interests of the publisher, Ambroise Vollard, they were still not published, although proofs were privately circulated in Paris. In 1948, after the death of Vollard and a lawsuit, Rouault finally obtained possession of the plates and they were published in a small edition. The present American edition was printed in Paris under the supervision of the artist.

In his preface, after relating some of the struggle for publication, Rouault says quietly, "I rejoice in the fact that I have reached my goal before I vanish from this planet. If injustice has been shown to Ambroise Vollard, let us agree that he had taste and a keen desire to make beautiful books without breaking any speed records, but it would have taken three centuries to bring to perfection the various works and paintings with which, in utter disregard of earthly limitations, he wished to burden the pilgrim."

Completed in his youth, appearing now, not far from what must be the end of his work, the series is a kind of essence of Rouault. Most of the subjects to which he devoted a lifetime are here: the sad clown, the desolate landscape, the unspeakably miserable prostitute, the mother and child, the lawyer, the society woman, the proud of the earth.

Despite all this diversity, there are not only a unity and a coherence, but a story and a drama. Again and again, these scenes of our time and of all time are juxtaposed with "Jesus reviled," "eternally scourged." In the midst of a macabre passage on war, with skeletons and imperial soldiers and insanity, we see suddenly the wrung-out torso of Christ crucified, and the line, "Jesus will be in anguish until the end of the world."

In the midst of the war, too, there appears a scholarly Oriental, gentle and pensive: "The Chinese, they say, invented gun-powder, made us a gift of it." The page turns to a European couple, the man bald, loosly grinning, the woman dull beyond shock, both with the great black staring eyes: "We are insane."

WAR, which, in a way, inspired the book, is present everywhere. Its title is, "They have ruined even the ruins." But whatever Rouault's conscious intent at the outset, war in his hands has become much more than argument for pacifism. It is the way we live and the way we work out the Passion. It is the everyday life of the poor bent man of whom it is said, "It is hard to live . . ." and the background of his companion page, a very moving mother and child, "It would be so sweet to love." It *would* be.

Rouault's familiar figure, the clown, so often a self-portrait, was never so full of explicit meaning as he is in this book. One plate shows a tortured male figure, behind him two women, naked and dejected, in the distance a prison-like tower: "Are we not all convicts?" The next plate is of a royally decked personage, a mad glint in his eye, a deliberate grin, a hawk nose: "We think ourselves kings." And then the clown, the funny hat, the sad face, the eyes cracked by despair as glass is cracked by cold: "Who does not paint himself a face?"

The landscapes are part of the drama. Two of them are striking examples of Rouault's ability to say two apparently opposed things at the same time. In one, there is a run-down group of houses on a difficult to climb but not imposing hill; a dark group of people in the middle ground look at each other; a great barren tree runs from top to bottom of the picture and before the tree are three of the very few untortured people in the book, a young mother, her baby, her daughter. They smile faintly, and this is called, "In the old suburb of Long-Suffering." The other shows the end of a storm at sea; the ship has sunk, the sunset gives a clear light on the horizon, the single male figure is already beneath the waves: "Tomorrow will be beautful, said the shipwrecked man."

The next to the last plate again shows Christ on the Cross, the Body broken, the light around the beaten Head: "Obedient unto death and to death on the Cross." The book ends with the Image on the Veil: "It is by His stripes that we are healed."

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That Same Little World

DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK. By Giovanni Guareschi. Translated from Italian by Frances Frenaye. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.

By SISTER MARIELLA GABLE

WHEN *The Little World of Don Camillo* was published in English two years ago, it was immediately recognized as the Book to Give Anyone for Whatever Ails Him. Don Camillo, the parish priest in a small Italian village, and the Communist mayor, Peppone, shone like sunlight against the pallid heroes of average fiction. With fierce strength of muscle each was capable of smashing the head of the other, and also capable of the most unexpected tenderness. And perhaps more stunning then either was Christ, who spoke from the cross to Don Camillo—recommending, for instance, that only one kick might be delivered to Peppone.

Now we have *Don Camillo and His Flock,* a sequel. "Sequel," the word is like a warning against a dish of warmed up mashed potatoes. But sneerers at sequels should make a distinction. Naturally a sequel can never furnish for a second time the shock of pleasant surprise which came with the discovery of such stunning people as Don Camillo and Peppone. But fulfillment of expectation furnishes a greater pleasure than surprise.

The fulfillment in the current *Don Camillo* never wavers. Don Camillo and Peppone, along with all the lovable folk in the Po valley, are still there and they are still the same. But what they are is markedly heightened by the new episodes in which they figure. The inventiveness of Guareschi is inexhaustible. Something of his amazing gift for invention is indicated by his brilliant work as a cartoonist. He is perhaps best known for his portrayal of Communists as having three nostrils. By one tiny extra stroke of the pen he has labeled them monsters. But in his books the Communists, for all their roaring, are not monsters. Underneath their big talk they are still emotionally charged Italians whose first love is the Church. The charity of the author which embraces even the toughest villains is one of the great merits of the book.

Borrowing background material from the recent flooding of the Po, Guareschi has woven concluding chapters in which his brilliant, satirical, wise, apt, stunning creative power is at its best. On the surface all is deceptively simple entertainment. Under the delight lies the wisdom of the ages. Upon this wisdom scholars will someday write amply-foot-noted dissertations. In the mean time that same wisdom lies wide open to the average reader, though he may not be able to articulate what he sees. He will gradually place in the western vocabulary, along with the names of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the names of Don Camillo and Peppone.

Foreign Visitor

BREAD FROM HEAVEN. By Henrietta Buckmaster. Random House. $3.

By ALFRED O'BRIEN, JR.

HENRIETTA Buckmaster is a thoughtful and distinguished author who has written three successful novels. So say her publishers and a few fellow novelists who have read her books. But she is also a ladywriter, it seems to me, who likes to daydream in print. Daydreaming probably is harmless entertainment, but for a novelist it is a poor substitute for contemplation.

In her musings, Henrietta Buckmaster has wondered what would happen if a person who survived the horrors of a concentration camp were to suddenly drop into the midst of ordinary American townsfolk who have known little or no suffering. The outcome is surprisingly unexciting.

It occurred to me, and this is surely far from the author's mind, that *Bread From Heaven,* her latest novel, would supply wonderful

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grist for a soap opera. The novel has many colorful characters, particularly, Karel Lindemann, a nineteen year old young man with the mark of hell on him, who comes to a small New England town and finds love and security. The attractive, but immature, young lady is the daughter of the wealthiest man in the Berkshires. There is a kind but practical business man who gives Karel his first job in town, but fires him when the townspeople command. There is a maimed child, whom Karel calls his brother, and who has reawakened the town's charitable activity; the town slacker who beats his grandmother and would lead Karel astray; vicious townspeople who wonder whether he is a Communist or a Jew—and many others, all of them as neatly ruled and pointed as a line-drawing, and just as obvious.

What Henrietta Buckmaster does say, she does not say very well. Actually she pays little attention to the meaning of words. Her prose is filled with mock lyricisms—"The knowledge of this rose like some small frog from the quiet underwater of the mind, and it sat croaking its presence at her."; with inconsistent statements—"The child did not complain, he did not cry out. He suffered and he suffered, but when we told him he must be silent, he was silent. He was unconscious but he rallied."; and say-nothing, sound-fine comments—"Here, in the numbed heart, was the emptiness which is itself oblivion, a vestibule to a broader emptiness, a nothingness, a nothingness which courage cannot touch." Another annoying habit, and probably a serious flaw in her writing: she is continually explaining her characters—"Emotions, intuitions churned inside them and failed to find words. Because he did not look at her or understand the key words which she offered, he was different."

However, the author means well. She has a real sympathy for lonely people, a considered opinion for people who are mistreated, and a genuine love for children. Perhaps, if Miss Buckmaster has enjoyed herself, then that's all that matters.

Mystical Body

THE LIVING CHRIST. By John L. Murphy. Bruce. $3.75.

By DENNIS J. GEANEY

THE re-emphasis on Christ living in the world, on the doctrine of the Mystical Body, was born at the turn of the century. Beginning in 1900 with an article by Father Prat, the literature on this doctrine increased almost by geometric progession until 1937. From 1937 to 1943 there was a steady output, but not at the same phenomenal rate. In 1943 Pius XII wrote an encyclical on the subject that will remain the work of works on the Mystical Body.

The Living Christ could well have for a sub-title: "A Commentary on the Encyclical on the Mystical Body." In trying to clarify intricate points of doctrine and make necessary distinctions to keep theologians on the right track, Pius XII had to use technical language. Father Murphy tries to explain these concepts for the layman. Because of the in-

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WIND AND THE RAIN

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WHATEVER MEANING THERE IS

APPRAISING issues, national and foreign, The Commonweal goes by no blueprint. It has no cure-all formula to offer. But the magazine does take sides, favoring this and opposing that. Its editorial approach rests on certain convictions. The Commonweal holds that man is an inviolable person with an immortal destiny, that God created the world and the goods in it for the well-being of all men, that we can not live as though the city on earth were our final end, and that revealed and rational truth has provided us with a meaningful view of ourselves and our civilization—a view embodied in the Christian tradition.

The Commonweal believes that the ideas, events, opinions, fads and whims of the day must be seen as either fitting into or disordering this tradition. The magazine has given careful attention to the ideas and tone of our culture as found in current books, in the press, in movies and plays. Believing that a large part of its function consists in finding whatever meaning there is in our surroundings, The Commonweal has not backed away from American life and culture, which it hopes to influence.

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herent difficulty of the task the book can hardly be called the popular explanation of the encyclical that was intended. To read this work would require beforehand a conviction of the utter necessity of this doctrine for ourselves and the world. But this does not detract one iota from the merit of the work.

The book follows pretty much the outline of the encyclical. Especially clear are the author's explanations of the terms "mystical" and "membership in the Body." He gives a simple formula for the long mooted question, "Who belongs to the Body?" He refers to the conditions for membership as the Triple Bond —Baptism, profession of the true faith, and submission to the Roman Pontiff.

The book includes more than an explanation of the encyclical. For example, it includes a chapter on Adam and the Fall. For reader interest some of the chapters could have been treated more briefly, such as Salvation This Way, Infallibility, and the two chapters on Christ the Head of the Church.

The Living Christ could well have included a section on the Eucharistic sacrifice. In his encyclical, Pius XII says that in the Holy Eucharist "this union (of the Mystical Body with its Head) during this mortal life reaches, as it were, a climax." Christ lives and acts in the world in no place more than in the Mass.

In spite of these qualifications this is a noteworthy contribution to the doctrine that must be endlessly explained and preached to a world that can only find lasting unity in the Body of Christ living among us.

REVIEWERS

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Writings from 40 authors including Léonce de Grandmaison, S.J., Walter Farrell, O.P., Ronald Knox, Karl Adam, Edward Leen, Caryll Houselander and Jean Daniélou, combined to cover Our Lord's whole life more satisfactorily than any one of them could have done it alone. The book is in four sections, each with an introductory narrative by F. J. Sheed giving the time sequence in which the events contained in it happened. This is a companion volume to *The Mary Book*, the jacket is again by Jan Yoors and there are nine illustrations.

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By John de Marchi, I.M.C.

Father de Marchi is Portuguese: he knows Lucia and he knows the town of Fatima and has talked with the people there who remember 1917 and the children's visions of Our Lady. Elisabeth Cobb has rewritten his book for American children and a wonderful job she has done. Children from ten up can read it to themselves but we particularly recommend it for reading aloud to children of mixed ages: the grown-up doing the reading will enjoy it and so will even the smallest children. The pictures by Jeanyee Wong are quite heavenly. (We had to reprint this book right after publication.) $2.00 *Ready*

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The first Fall Trumpet will be ready shortly—please let Lucy MacGill know if you have moved since May and send her both your old and new address or let her know, of course, if you don't get the Trumpet but would like to. It will keep you up to date on what we are publishing with extracts from books not yet published and book reviews reprinted and new.

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